Fitz. How fondly doſt thou ſpurre a forward horſe,
If I dare eate, or drinke, or breath, or liue,
I dare meet Surry in a Wildernesſe,
And ſpit vpon him whilſt I ſay he lyes,
And lyes, and lyes: there is my bond of Fayth,
To tie thee to my ſtrong correction:
As I intend to thriue in this new world,
Aumerle is guiltie of my true appeale.
Beſides, I heare the baniſhed *Norffolke* ſay:
That thou *Aumerle* didſt ſend two of thy men
To execute the noble Duke of *Calice*.

Aum. Some honeſt Chriſtian truſt me with a gage,
That *Norfolke* lyes, heere do I throw downe this,
If he may be repeald to try his honour?

Bull. Theſe differences ſhall all reſt vnder gage,
Till *Norfolke* be repeald, repeald he ſhall be,
And Though mine enemie, reſtor'd againe
To all his Lands and Signories: when he is return'd,
Againſt *Aumerle* we will inforce his triall.

Carl. That honorable day ſhall neuer be ſeene:
Many a time hath baniſht Norfolke fought
For Ieſus Chriſt, in glorious Chriſtian field,
Streaming the Enſigne of the Chriſtian croſſe,
Againſt blacke Pagans, Turkes, and Saracens,
And toyld with workes of Warre, retir'd himſelfe
To Italy, and there at Venice gaue
His Body to a pleaſant countries earth,
And his pure ſoule vnto his Captaine Chriſt,
Vnder whoſe colours he had fought ſo long.

Bull. Why Biſhop, is *Norffolke* dead?

Carl. As ſure as I liue, my Lord.

Bull. Sweet peece conduct his ſweet ſoule to the boſome
Of good old Abraham: Lords appellants,
Your differences ſhall all reſt vnder gage,
Till we aſsigne you to your dayes of triall.

Enter Yorke,

Yorke. Great Duke of Lancaſter, I come to thee,

From